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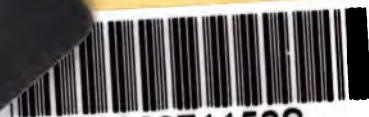
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*Bunches of Song*



WILLIAM GURNER.



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# Snatches of Song.

BY

WILLIAM GURNER.

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"All we know of those above,  
"Is that they sing, and that they love!"

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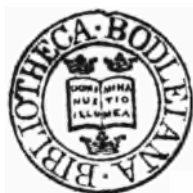
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TEMPLE BAR.

## PREFACE.

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THIS little book is published with the utmost diffidence, but yet with the hope, that perchance, in a fretful hour, when worthier studies are cast aside, and loftier strains discarded, some heart may be soothed for a moment even by these insignificant "snatches." This is the author's highest aim, and its attainment will be his sweetest reward.

28, WILMINGTON SQUARE.

*Dec.* 1852.





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## Snatches of Song.

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### THE POOR MAN TO HIS BRIDE.

---

No gems have I, dear girl, to offer,  
No pearls to deck thy silken hair :  
No stores of gold in secret coffer,  
No lordly halls for thee to share.  
But yet I do not fear to woo thee,  
My Annie ! lovely as thou art,  
Though I have nought with which to sue thee,  
Except a fond and doting heart.

What, though the world may frown upon us,  
And earthly comforts pass away ;  
Affection's lamp is shining on us,  
To guide our steps, and cheer our way.  
Then do not, dearest, longer tarry,  
In dread of penury and woe,  
We cannot be too poor to marry,  
While health and love within us glow !

## A SONG FOR ENGLAND.



OH! the land of our birth, 'tis a glorious place,  
The favour'd abode of love, beauty, and grace;  
Where the men are all brave, and the women all fair,  
What country on earth can with England compare?

An Englishman cares not for hostile array,  
And threats of invasion—no terrors have they;  
Secure in his proud sea-girt island he stands,  
While the fear of his name spreads through far distant  
lands.

For though he loves peace and his own fireside,  
He will strike for the weak who have right on their side;  
And he never considers his friendly task done,  
Till the battle is fought and the victory won.

Then the women of England! so good and so kind,  
Enchanting in person, and peerless in mind;  
As maids, wives, and mothers, all others above,  
Oh, proud is the man who possesses their love!

And one of the best of them rules as our Queen,  
Her sway, how benignant! her reign, how serene!  
Other monarchs are acting the despot's foul part,  
But Victoria's throne is each true Briton's heart!

Then let us with gladness and ardour unite,  
In praise of our country—this home of delight;  
And England will ne'er to a conqueror bow,  
While her sons and her daughters prove faithful as now!

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.



WHILE you turn this volume o'er,  
And compare my verses poor,  
With those that other pages fill,  
Mark'd by far superior skill,  
Lady! do not therefore say,  
That these weak words were best away;  
But rather take the kindlier part,  
And be assured that, in my heart,  
One feeling, and one only reigns—  
Although express'd in feeble strains.  
And it is this :—a wish sincere,  
That every blessing, rich and dear,  
May in abundance on your head,  
Without alloy be ever shed.



And that, as moments pass away,  
Old Time, that makes all else decay,  
May still to you new pleasures bring,  
Fresh as the opening buds of Spring.  
And may you never, never know  
One throb of pain, one glimpse of woe.  
That this your happy lot may be,  
Sincerely wishes

W. G.

## A RECENT INCIDENT.



AN innocent girl, in the prime of her youth,  
Gave her heart, pure and glowing with fondness and  
truth,  
To one whom she deem'd to be equally true ;  
But her moments of sunshine too rapidly flew.

For with words that were false as his accents were fond,  
He made her believe he esteem'd her beyond  
Friends, fortune, and fame ;—that his first wish in life  
Was to make her his own, and to call her his wife !

But soon, very soon, was the *hypocrite* seen,  
And a change had pass'd over his language and mien ;  
Renouncing the vows he had utter'd before,  
He carelessly left her to see her no more !

Her fate is a sad one, for woman's love still  
Will burn with a fervour that nothing can chill ;  
His image is never effaced from her mind,  
Though man, the deceiver, is false as the wind !



## FRIENDSHIP.



MANY bards have sung of love,  
I will court another theme :  
One in value far above  
Love's illusive, fleeting dream.

Sacred Friendship ! thee I sing,  
Goddess, in whose gentle train,  
Peace and truth their blessings bring,  
Free from earthly passion's stain.

Friendship's pure and steady flame,  
Unlike love's distracting fires,  
Burns in weal and woe the same,  
When it once the breast inspires.

Friendship, in her sacred duty,  
While her succour she imparts,  
Never stays to seek for beauty,  
But for warm and constant hearts.

Holy Friendship ! let me rest  
Under thine auspicious sway ;  
Reign for ever in my breast,  
Keep the traitor, Love, away !

Many bards have sung of love :  
Is not this a worthier theme,  
One in value, far above,  
Love's destroying, maddening dream ?

---

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

---

WHEN a lady desires some poetry written,  
Her album's gay pages to fill,  
And the bard's stupid brains seem with lethargy  
smitten,  
How can he the object fulfil ?

Dear lady ! now this is precisely my case ;  
In rhyming I cannot succeed :  
Vouchsafe to me, then, your indulgence and grace,  
And think of the *will*, not the *deed* !

## LOVE AND WAR.



FIERCELY the fight  
    In the valley was raging :  
Many were there,  
    In the combat engaging :  
Bold-hearted and brave,  
    With pulse beating high,  
Resolved for their country  
    To conquer or die !

High on a mountain,  
    A fair girl was seen,  
Gazing with awe  
    On the terrible scene :  
One form she descried,  
    In the battle-field there ;  
She cried, " God of heaven !  
    My lover, oh, spare !"

Fiercely, still fiercely,  
    The battle raged on ;  
Brightly the sun  
    On the rival hosts shone :  
Ere in the evening,  
    His beams were withdrawn,  
Many bosoms were cold,  
    Which beat warm in the morn.

Still on the mountain,  
    The fair maiden stay'd ;  
Not of death for herself,  
    Was the watcher afraid.  
Still fixing her gaze,  
    On the battle-field there,  
And crying to Heaven,  
    “ My lover, oh, spare ! ”

Victorious at last,  
    See, her hero returns !  
Her bosom with rapture  
    And gratitude burns !  
Press'd close to his heart,  
    All her sorrows are o'er ;  
The lovers are one,  
    To be parted no more !

## A COMMON OCCURRENCE.



A VILLAIN came to a fair girl's side,  
Who homeward at eve was returning ;  
He said he would woo her, and make her his bride,  
And his words with affection seem'd burning.

Her innocent heart believed the lie,  
And soon, with a pure devotion,  
She learn'd to love, and her joy grew high  
In the pride of her youthful emotion.

But alas ! for her peace, it pass'd away,  
Like the cloud on a summer morning ;  
The spoiler stay'd to make her his prey,  
Then departed in haste and scorning.

Forsaken by all her kindred and name,  
And turn'd on the wide world, weeping ;  
She sank beneath the weight of her shame,  
And now in the grave she is sleeping.

But the wretch who acted this treacherous part,  
Still walks abroad without blushing ;  
Nor sighs for a moment, to think on the heart,  
He so well has succeeded in crushing.

Why should he care for the wrongs he has done,  
For the world receives him smiling ;  
While the memory of the injured one,  
Meets only contempt and reviling ?

## A MAIDEN'S CONFESSION.



OH, why is it wrong to disclose my affection  
To him who has captured my trembling heart?  
Oh, why am I left to repine in dejection,  
And to check the fond words in my lips as they  
start?  
I would gladly unfold in his hearing the story,  
Of a love which has grown and increased with each  
day:  
I would tell him 'twould be my sole pleasure and glory,  
The homage of life at his service to lay.

But ah! he knows not the extent of the feeling,  
Which he deems is but friendship's dull, half-extinct  
flame;  
And, perhaps, in a moment, my thoughts all revealing,  
I should find he would scorn me, and laugh at my  
shame.

Then I will not unveil my fond heart, though 'tis  
bursting

With emotions and wishes that fain would be told ;  
But will conquer the pangs of my spirit, though  
thirsting

For his love, which to me would be dearer than gold.

Yet I feel that I cannot endure it much longer,

My health or my life now I care not to save :

Every effort to curb makes but deeper and stronger

The grief which is bearing me down to the grave.

And oh ! when at last, overcome by my sadness,

The lamp of existence can no longer burn,

May he pity a heart that was driven to madness,

By loving without being loved in return !



## TO MY WIFE,

WITH "THE EVERGREEN;"—A BOOK OF RELIGIOUS POETRY,  
BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

---

ACCEPT, with my truest affection,  
Dear Mary, this book from my hand :  
Perchance, in an hour of dejection,  
It may carry your thoughts to a land  
Where pain, and affliction, and sorrow,  
Are banish'd for ever away ;  
Where no dread fills the heart of the morrow—  
For all is one long, happy day.

I know you will look with indulgence,  
On some feeble lines of my own :  
They may not possess the effulgence  
That worthier poets have shown.  
But yet I have not fear'd to place them,  
With loftier strains that are here ;  
For the heart that has ventured to trace them,  
Had impulses quite as sincere !

The poems in this little volume,  
Have no vain or frivolous themes ;  
They treat of a subject more solemn,  
Than earth or its fugitive dreams.  
They tell us what far higher pleasures,  
Are felt and enjoy'd by the mind  
That is fix'd upon heavenly treasures—  
Leaving lesser allurements behind.

And while you are reading these pages,  
May the peace that the heart only knows—  
When God its attention engages,  
Keep you free from the turmoil and woes  
That are ever the spirit distressing :  
Unless it is lifted to Him,  
Who alone can send gladness and blessing,  
When earth's brightest joys become dim !

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF MY  
WIFE'S ALBUM.

---

HERE's a pretty book !  
Ye who ope its pages ;  
Each must pen the thought  
Which the mind engages.

If your heart is free,  
With sunshine and brightness ;  
And your soul is fill'd  
With gaiety and lightness :

Here record the strain,  
With high pleasure ringing ;  
'Tis fit the happy heart  
Should of joy be singing.

But if o'er the mind,  
Sorrow has been preying,  
And you mourn the loss  
Of friends, and hopes decaying :—

Even then you'll find  
    All your grief revealing,  
Makes the burden less,  
    And brings relief and healing.

Whatsoever the thoughts,  
    Now your heart possessing,  
Your labour will be sweet,  
    While those thoughts expressing.

And the willing lay  
    From each poetic yearner,  
Will thankfully be prized,  
    By *Mrs. William Gurner* !

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.



LET not the cares of the world vex us now,  
Chase, every one of you, grief from his brow ;  
Here are friends whom we love—here is wine that is  
bright,

Leave grief for the day-time—be merry to-night.

Here are friends whom we love—here is wine  
that is bright,

Leave grief for the day-time—be merry to-night.

True, that our moments are passing away,  
True, that our pleasures will swiftly decay :  
But the way to enjoy the fleet hours as they pass,  
Is to spend them like this, with a friend and a glass !  
Here are friends whom we love—here is wine  
that is bright,  
Leave grief for the day-time—be merry to-night.

Since old Time will for no man be check'd in his  
flight,

Of our troubles and cares we had better make light;

But if they will tease us, and cause us dismay,

What ought we to do?—Why, to drink them away!

Here are friends whom we love—here is wine  
that is bright,

Leave grief for the day-time—be merry to-night.

Then fill up your glasses, my friends, every one,—

Let nothing be seen but good-humour and fun;

And in future, if o'er the mind gloom comes or pain,

As we're all doing now, we will then do again!

Here are friends whom we love—here is wine  
that is bright,

Leave grief for the day-time—be merry to-night!

## THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.



WEEP not so, my Edmond! although I must leave thee,  
Yet why should thy fond heart with anguish be  
rent ?

I am only returning—then let it not grieve thee—  
My soul to the Being by whom it was lent.

We part not for ever ;—a little while longer,  
And united again we shall speedily be ;  
In bonds that eternity will but make stronger,  
No tears shall we then shed, for sorrow will flee.

There, for ever, in heaven, away from all sadness,  
Where the air is all love, and affection, and peace :  
Not a moment of care will embitter our gladness,  
Our joys shall be rapturous, never to cease.

Thanks, dearest one, thanks ! I can see you are trying  
To check those wild sobbings, to conquer your grief ;  
And give me your hand, for I feel I am dying,  
And to know you are near me will yield me relief.

My Edmond ! I too know the horrors of parting ;  
How I love you, I cannot find language to tell :  
Come nearer, dear,—Death now his arrow is darting,  
One more kiss, beloved—another !—farewell !



### Address

RECITED BY MR. PAGE, AT THE FIFTY-FOURTH QUARTERLY  
MEETING OF THE ENGLISH ELOCUTION CLASS OF THE CITY  
OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ALDERS-  
GATE STREET.—FEB. 1850.

---

ONCE more, kind friends, within these walls we greet  
you,  
Right glad are we, and proud again to meet you !

No dazzling spectacle bring we to-night,  
In all its grand array to please the sight,  
No strains of high-wrought music have we here,  
In sweetest tones to captivate the ear,  
Yet we will try, although with little art,  
To reach the soul, to penetrate the heart !  
Shall not the simple words of Truth have power  
To cheer and benefit the passing hour ?  
Oh yes ! where'er her still small voice is heard,  
Poor though the tongue may be, and weak the word,  
Deep in the heart its thrilling accents fall,  
At once received, and welcomed home by all.  
The statesman, who his country's welfare pleads,  
And wakes her heroes to heroic deeds ;

The poet, who, in numbers not less sure,  
Invokes whate'er is beautiful and pure ;  
These have a power, more resistless far,  
Than thrones, and diadems, and sceptres are.  
A power, compared with which, the works of kings  
Are unsubstantial, evanescent things.  
These teach us, that howe'er, by adverse fate,  
Fallen his lot may be, or poor his state,  
Our fellow-man is with the angels kin,  
And has an immortality within !  
That underneath the tatter'd robe we find  
Some worthy impress of the heavenly mind ;  
And though borne down by penury and care,  
Something yet says—" God's image still is there !"  
The mighty thoughts of mighty men like these,  
We now would bring you—will our efforts please ?  
We think they will ; for though we know how weak  
Are lips of ours, such glorious themes to speak,  
Yet we will not despond, for we can see,  
Beauty and gentleness our judge will be.  
And as we look around, our hopes revive ;  
With such an audience, who in vain could strive ?  
Each cheek so fair reflects as fair a mind,  
And eyes so bright can never look unkind !

### Address

RECITED BY MR. V. WEEDON, AT THE SIXTY-THIRD QUARTERLY  
MEETING OF THE ENGLISH ELOCUTION CLASS OF THE CITY OF  
LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, MAY 5, 1852.

---

ALLOW us one moment, friends, while we invite  
Your favour and smiles at our banquet to-night.  
With no costly viands our table is spread,—  
We have not the wine-goblet, sparkling and red ;  
But yet the provision we ask you to share,  
We trust will delight you, and chase away care.  
Then come, and with pleasure the minutes shall roll,  
To the feast of fair reason, the o'erflow of soul :  
The fires of genius light up the scene,  
And wisdom shall lend us her lustre serene !  
'Tis the mind, not the body, we seek to allure  
To joys that are healthful, and lasting, and pure :  
From the works of the great and the good of each age,  
Whether statesman or dramatist, poet or sage,  
Some lesson for good we've endeavour'd to bring,  
Or some theme for laughter from wit's sparkling spring,  
And fain would we hope to be bless'd with a power  
Beyond that of killing a wearisome hour,

May we trust the stray sentences spoken to-night  
Will cheer on some soul in the path of the right;  
That duty's behests will be better obey'd,  
For the teachings of wisdom this evening convey'd?  
Oh, yes, we will hope so ; for never in vain  
Are the orator's pleadings, the poet's high strain !  
The lessons of truth and of love they impart,  
Will, sooner or later, find way to the heart ;  
And the world shall at last welcome in the glad time,  
When the pure burning thoughts, and the accents  
    sublime,  
Of these glorious spirits the whole earth shall fill,  
And we echo the angels' chant, "Peace and Goodwill!"

A friend and a poet\* is with us to-night ;  
And we well can remember with how much delight,  
In this hall we have listen'd, the while he has told,  
About "Lady Jane Grey," or the brave "men of old."  
We are glad that amongst us once more he appears,  
To show us, that, spite of the changes of years,  
He has not forgotten our quarterly union,  
But has join'd us in friendship and kindly communion.  
We will finish our lay with this hearty ovation,  
And leave him to call for the next recitation !

\* Referring to the Chairman, **FREDERICK LAWRENCE, Esq.**

## A VOICE FROM THE OLD YEAR.



EIGHTEEN hundred fifty-one,  
Nearly now its course has run ;  
Ere its few surviving weeks  
Swiftly vanish, lo, it speaks !

“ Men and women, list and hear  
“ The voice of the departing year !  
“ Since the hour when I began,  
“ Mine has been a mighty plan.  
“ From each spot and nook of earth,  
“ Where genius or taste has birth,  
“ I have brought some treasure rare  
“ For my temple grand and fair.  
“ To gaze within its crystal walls,  
“ Princes left their lofty halls ;  
“ Peasants, too, the cot forsook,  
“ On the splendid scene to look.  
“ Rich and poor, and old and young,  
“ Men of every clime and tongue,  
“ On one common, happy ground,  
“ Universal welcome found !

" And, although my temple door  
" Now has closed, to ope no more :  
" And the vision's pass'd away,  
" Like the fancy of a day ;—  
" Yet the lessons it has brought,  
" Are with love and wisdom fraught.  
" And in many an after age  
" Will the mind and heart engage,  
" Bidding nations cast aside  
" Former jealousy and pride.  
" Never more in angry battle  
" Slaying men like heaps of cattle,  
" Each one doing what he can  
" To benefit his fellow-man :  
" Love's fair kingdom shall increase,  
" Bringing happiness and peace !"

Old Year ! we thank thee, and rejoice,  
That thou hast raised thy truthful voice,  
Proclaiming over sea and land,  
" The good time is, indeed, at hand."  
Then let us all fresh courage take,  
And duty's pathway ne'er forsake :  
So, when old Time, upon his way,  
Shall bring another New Year's Day,—  
We'll welcome, with stout hearts, and true,  
Eighteen hundred fifty-two !

Nov. 1851.

## FAREWELL TO KOSSUTH,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

---

FAREWELL to thee, Kossuth! with fervent emotion  
Our English hearts bid thee God-speed on thy way :  
In Freedom's fair cause, may thy zeal and devotion,  
Still shine as resplendent and clear as the day !  
And though for the present the tyrants prove stronger,  
Their glory shall soon in the dust be laid low :  
Have courage—despair not—a little while longer,  
And again thou shalt triumph o'er each haughty foe !

Yes ! Russia and Austria's hireling bands  
Will combine all their arms and their legions in vain :  
The weapons of freedom shall gleam in the hands  
Of men who have sworn their best rights to maintain ;  
And the good cause shall ever at last be victorious,—  
Although for a time the oppressor may boast ;  
A day dawns for Hungary, speedy and glorious,  
When her sons may defy the imperial host !

And still may thy voice speak in Liberty's name,  
And still may thine arm strike her foes with success;  
Till the despots are cover'd with terror and shame,  
And victory's laurels thy brow wreath and bless.  
Farewell to thee, Kossuth ! with fervent emotion,  
Our English hearts bid thee God-speed on thy way :  
And when thou in safety hast cross'd the wide ocean,  
Oh, think of the friends who now greet thee to-day !

---

### FALSE AND TRUE FRIENDS.

---

MANY will claim the name of friend,  
When our fortunes and hopes are bright to the view ;  
But when trouble and sorrow these glad days end,  
The friends that are left us—oh, are they not few ?  
  
But e'en in adversity's darkest hour,  
If one friend only be found at our side :  
His smile o'er the heart hath a cheering power,  
More than all the rest in our days of pride !



**Welcome**

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD,

ON HER PRESIDING AT A BAZAAR, HELD AT BEDFORD, IN AID  
OF THE FUNDS FOR THE ENLARGEMENT OF ST. PETER'S  
CHURCH.—SEPT. 17, 1851.

---

Not for the lustre of thy noble name,  
Though 'tis emblazon'd on the scroll of fame,  
Lady, we welcome thee! but that, where'er  
The orphan's helpless cry, the widow's prayer,  
The sad appeal of the distress'd is heard,  
However poor the tongue, or weak the word,  
Thy "woman's heart" throbs to the tale of grief,  
And thy prompt hand brings succour and relief!  
More than all this, when fair Religion calls  
For help to widen and extend the walls  
Of those loved temples, where her gentle voice,  
Teaches the contrite sinner to rejoice;  
Thy aid still speeds the work upon its way—  
Witness thy bounty and thy zeal to-day!  
May God reward thee, lady! and at last,  
When the pursuits of this fleet world are past,  
May'st thou to heaven by angels be convey'd,  
And wear a diadem that cannot fade!

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF "THE  
BOOK OF THE POETS,"

FOR MY SISTER'S 18TH BIRTHDAY, 1848.

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TAKE this volume, Mary Ann,  
Carefully its pages scan ;  
Gleaning from each varied line,  
Thoughts that seem almost divine ;  
Words express'd with truth and fire,  
Glowing from the poet's lyre.  
And may you, while reading on  
The works of mighty spirits gone,  
Find an echo in your breast,  
For every feeling here express'd,  
Of a pure and lovely kind :  
That within your youthful mind,  
Gentle sentiments may grow—  
Such as few but poets know.  
Till at length by verse and song,  
You may take your place among  
Those who with the lyric art,  
Charm the ear and soothe the heart.  
May these themes your soul inspire,  
Is a brother's fond desire !

## THE DEATH OF A POET.



On a couch of pain, in the prime of youth,  
A wasted form was lying;  
And all around felt the terrible truth,  
That the Child of Song was dying.

But though sunken his eye, there now and then came  
A flash, with such lustre beaming  
That heaven itself seem'd to lend the flame—  
So holy and bright was its gleaming.

He knew that his moments were nearly spent,  
Nor wish'd them longer extended;  
For the work was done for which he was sent,  
And his mission of love was ended.

His fervid strains had been often sung,  
Alike by the great and lowly;  
And had waked in the bosoms of old and young,  
A love for the pure and holy.

And he knew that long when his spirit had pass'd  
Beyond death's shadowy portal,  
Those soul-breathing strains would continue to last,  
And would be—like his spirit—immortal.

“Oh, God!” he cried, “not for richest store,  
To be found in earthly treasure;  
Would I wish among men to linger more,  
My soul cannot here find pleasure.

“But to dwell with Thee, and behold Thy love,  
Where sorrow entereth never :  
From this cold world, oh, take me above,  
To sing at Thy feet for ever !”

His prayer was heard,—upon gentle wings,  
The angels upward bore him :  
No longer on earth the poet sings,  
But who for this would deplore him ?

## SUCH IS LIFE!



BUILDING castles in the air,  
Days and nights of anxious care,  
Leading onwards—who knows where?  
Such is Life!

Hope's gay visions soon destroy'd,  
Earth's best pleasures soon enjoy'd,  
Leaving but the "aching void :"  
Such is Life!

Mighty works and projects splendid,  
Well begun, but never ended—  
All in one dark chaos blended :  
Such is Life!

Friendship's vows, in fondness spoken,  
Soon in haste and anger broken,  
Careless of each cherish'd token :  
Such is Life!

To cling around one faithful heart,  
Whose love can purest joy impart ;  
To see it then in death depart :  
Such is Life !

Since, then, earthly hopes are vain,  
And pleasures fled come not again ;  
Should we not rather strive to gain  
The better Life ?

There will the weary soul find rest,  
There will it be for ever bless'd ;  
No more to say, in tones distress'd—  
Such is Life !

But, greeting those it loved before,  
Each bitter disappointment o'er,  
To meet, sing praises, and adore—  
This will be Life !

## CALVARY.



SEE the "Man of Sorrows" now!  
Cruel thorns have pierced his brow;  
From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Gushes forth the crimson tide.

Sinner! on the fatal tree,  
Jesus gives his life for thee!

Now his life is ebbing fast,  
Soon the conflict will be past:  
Lo, he bows his sacred head,—  
Christ, the Son of God, is dead!

Sinner! on the fatal tree,  
Jesus gives his life for thee!

Yes! the Saviour, full of love,  
Left his Father's home above:—  
Left his mansions in the sky,  
To live with us, and bleed, and die!

Sinner! on the fatal tree,  
Jesus gives his life for thee!

But a day is drawing near,  
Day of wonder, day of fear :  
When the Lamb that here is slain,  
Shall as Lord and Sovereign reign.

Careless sinner ! what will be  
Then the doom assign'd to thee ?

Seek his mercy while below,  
Flee from everlasting woe :  
Leave thy load of guilt and pride  
At the cross of Him who died.

So shalt thou in heaven see,  
A place reserved that day for thee !



“THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE  
PEOPLE OF GOD.”

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WHEN trials beset us, and earth's comforts fly,  
And nothing is seen in the future but gloom,  
How sweet are the tidings reveal'd from on high,  
That a happier world lies beyond the cold tomb !  
Oh, who would not gladly partake of the cares,  
That accompany mortals remaining below,  
Since they're given to wean us away from the snares  
Of the Tempter, who plunges his victims in woe ?

The God who display'd his compassionate love,  
By sending his Son for our sins to atone ;  
If we trust in this Saviour, will take us above,  
Where sorrow and tears are for ever unknown.  
With prospects so glorious, why should we fear,  
The few fleeting years yet on earth to be pass'd ?  
Every pain we endure without murmuring here,  
Will but heighten the glory of heaven at last !

“ Eye hath not beheld, nor hath ear ever heard,  
Nor can mortals the fulness and glory conceive,  
Of the bliss that is promised in God’s holy word,  
As reserved for His children who love and believe.”  
Then may we in future more patiently bear  
Each stroke which our Father sees fit to impose ;  
Assured that His presence, if ask’d for in prayer,  
Will sustain us till death all our trials shall close !

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WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF  
OF A BIBLE.

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To those who up to God for guidance look,  
He shows his mercy in this holy book :  
To those who wilfully reject his grace,  
He here unveils the terrors of his face.  
May you still choose, with pure and earnest heart,  
As Mary did of old—“ the better part ;”  
And may the promises these leaves display,  
To all who walk in wisdom’s peaceful way,  
Ever on thee and all of thine descend !  
So prays sincerely,

Your devoted friend.

## THE JEWISH CAPTIVES' LAMENT.



By Babylon's rivers we sat down and wept,  
And our once-pleasing harps on the willows we  
hung ;  
For Zion was still in remembrance kept,  
And the thoughts of captivity silenced each tongue.

They that carried us captive demanded a song,  
And ask'd us for mirth in the midst of our woes ;  
But how can we smile when our fetters are strong,  
Or sing Zion's songs in the ears of her foes ?

Ah no ! for our hearts are with bitterness torn,  
When we think on the dearly loved land of our  
birth ;  
And all that is left us to do is to mourn,  
Happy days that for ever have vanish'd from earth.

Jerusalem ! never shalt thou be forgot,  
Till our hearts cease to beat in the struggles of  
death ;  
While living, we'll bless thee, whatever our lot,  
And will die with thy name on our last-sounding  
breath !

## Acrostic.

WRITTEN THREE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

MARY! my dearest girl, three months ago,  
A t Hymen's altar, you, for weal or woe,  
R epeated fondly, vows, by which for life  
Y ou took the duties and the name of wife!

T hree months ago! although the time is short,  
H ow many blessings have the moments brought.  
E ach day has proved how potent is the spell,  
O f mutual love, the storms of life to quell.  
D eep, pure affection, both our hearts inspires,  
O may for ever glow its sacred fires!  
S ustain'd by this, each trial that we meet  
I n life's rough journey, still hath something sweet—  
A nd a bright path lies open at our feet.

G od bless us both! that so our years may run,  
U ntil at last, our earthly sojourn done,  
R aised to a brighter, happier sphere above,  
N earer His throne, where all the air is love,  
E ternity's fruition we may share,  
R emoved from every sorrow, every care!

Oct. 1850.

## BIRTHDAY ACROSTIC.



M y sister ! the best of good wishes I send you,  
A ll joy, and all peace of mind ever attend you :  
R ich blessings and graces abundant be given,  
Y our life to adorn, and to fit you for heaven !

A s your journey across this world's desert proceeds,  
N ever may your heart sink at the briars and weeds,  
N or forget "the fair Eden" to which it all leads !

G od grant, my dear sister, that all your life long,  
U pheld by His arm, who is faithful and strong ;  
R esting all your best hopes on His promises kind—  
N ew sources of comfort each day you may find.  
E very danger and snare may you fearlessly brave,  
R elying on "One who is mighty to save !"





